

7 50s

by Spirit Dragon

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Summary: One-shot. What do you do when you're in a raging battlefield with only one clip for your Desert Eagle left?

7 50s

7 .50s

>
Disclaimer: The Counter-Strike series does not belong to me. Though I'd like a Desert Eagle from the Magnum Research company...

>
By the way, this is another death fic.

>
And apologies to RedKinoko... I didn't realise how similar this was to Ten Arrows until I had finished writing! Aarghh!

>

>
You slip another clip into the dark handle of your silver pistol. It is your last one, your last seven .50 chances at life.

>
You crouch behind some crates, fumbling with the Desert Eagle as it slips in your sweaty palms. Who could blame you? A tuna in an ocean full of hungry sharks, that's what you liken yourself to.

>
It is a rather accurate description. As various 5.56, 7.62, and the occasional .338 bullets splinter the wood, you know you have to act fast. Sooner or later one of them will enter your body, effectively ending your life.

>
However, you are determined to take down as many as you can before that inevitable happens. This is no Matrix; if you must describe it as that you have seven chances to kill Agent Smith and his umpteen others, and there is no supernatural bullet-dodging now.

>
As you slip the safety off, there is no hint of nervousness in your grip; it is a firm vice. There is no turning back.

>
You bolt from the safety of the crates, you whirl to face the faceless terrorists, a snarl escaping your slightly parted lips. Your gloved finger tightens on the trigger, and the bullet streaks out with an explosive discharge.

>
Six.

>
The recoil is expected of your .50 Israeli sidearm, but you

actually make an attempt to "savour" it, for you know full well that each shot may be your last.

>
Another explosion, more blood splatters on the floor, accompanied by a scream and more clattering of automatic weapons firing.

>
Five.

>
A round strikes your helmet with an ominous CLACK!, a sound that stands out above the rest. The inside of your head flashes a brilliant white, like a flashbang that has affected only your right eye. You pull the trigger again.

>
Four.

>
You have missed. A metal crate explodes open with the punching power of the Desert Eagle, sending shards of metal flying everywhere. It is a miracle that you have not been hit by either bullet or shrapnel.

>
The handgun is considerably lighter, a few grams of the magnum ammunition used up with each shot. Yet it is your last hope, a ray of opportunity in a world of darkness. Your knife will prove to be useless; steel of a blade will not hold out against steel of a bullet.

>
So they say. You may prove their theories wrong, provided you survive the ordeal.

>
Bang.

>
Three.

>
Another of your adversaries drops to the floor, stone dead. His face is a deathly pale, a contrast to the puddle of carmine forming around him.

>
Yet you take no notice of this, for another 2000-over-joules projectile has left the barrel.

>
Two.

>
It is proven that Neo's dodging bullets is impossible. A 7.62 round tears through the Kevlar, embedding itself in the hard ceramic plate, feeling like the kick of a mule. Another draws blood from your unprotected skin, and you gasp with surprise.

>
Knowing that you only have two bullets in reserve, you must make them count.

>
One.

>
You lower the gun to a terrorist's chest, taking notice of the high recoil. It is just like training: line the shot up, make sure to aim relatively low for .45 caliber and above, the head is the best target.

>
This is totally different. In training the lifeless targets were not holding UMP45s with deadly accuracy. You banish all other thoughts from your mind as your finger curls.

>
An extremely loud report marks the firing of your last shot.

>
Zero.

>
The terrorist's head explodes in a mess of gore, a Schmidt Scout falling to the floor.

>
You make a great show of dropping the now useless weapon. There is nowhere to run, nowhere to hide. You are completely defenseless.

>
For a moment there is complete silence, just one moment of complete silence in a chaotic battlefield. Through the commotion, mayhem and cacophony, there is one moment of complete stillness.

>
A split-second later, the world has been put on fast-forward and play.

>
You never see the projectiles coming. You never will.

>
But you can feel them, alright. They are red-hot pokers digging

into exposed flesh, maggots devouring carrion.

>
Another antagonist appears, the deadly sight of a forest-green Arctic Warfare Magnum in his hands, eye fitted to the scope. What can you do? You are like Superman wearing an outfit of kryptonite, completely powerless with only a knife at your side, and it is a well-known fact that knives do not stretch twenty metres to strike opponents.

>
There is a blast like one of a cannon as the sniper rifle jerks upward, a flash like one of lightning striking.

>
The .338 is not a red-hot poker; it is a bladed sledgehammer.

>
The Kevlar is no match for this arrogant new arrival, and the same goes for the ceramic, which shatters on contact.

>
And then there is the pain.

>
Blindly, you let out a scream as the round buries itself in flesh, pressing onwards. It's as though someone has stabbed a power drill into you and put the setting on high. A thousand times worse, as power drills can only go so far.

>
The merciless .338 races onwards for what seems like eternity, until you hear a sharp crick of your spine snapping, and the sound of the bullet escaping, slamming into steel, where it is finally halted.

>
Oblivion finally comes, and you fall lifeless to the floor, your eyes shutting in eternal slumber.

>
END

End
file.